THE Numb. 41.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From Friday October 7, to Monday October 10, 1709.

PEOPLE that have an Itch at Scribling, generally entertain their Visiters with their *happy Projects*, *high Flights*, nd *wonderful Performances*, therefore 'tis to be supposed this Paper is in great measure the subject of many Drawing Room: *My Lady Prudence Maxim* thought 'twas exposing Families too much, that now, truly, a Lady cou'd not be Free and Gamesome, write a *Billet Doux*, drink a Glass of *Ratifia*, send her Jewels out when Cards run ill, or be seen in a Hackney with her *Cozen* the Collonel, but the next Morning *the Bawling Fellow* tells it the whole Town. Mrs. *Callicoe* disslik'd it for mentioning the *Pride of the City*; Mrs. *Saintly* for abusing the *Dissenters, for they do not love Silver Spoons*; Mrs. *Orthodox* said, a *Clergyman* had been drawn into it, and 'twas a burning shame; and Mrs. *Whinelove*, who is so fond of Plays, *that if she is not bury'd under the Front Box, she'll Walk*, wonder'd I cou'd speak so Irreverently of her Darling *Imoinda*; but Mrs. *Gaymood* encourag'd me to the last degree, laugh'd heartily at ev'ry Character, and wish'd it had been Ten times plainer, but protested as she hop'd to be sav'd, shou'd any body expose her in Print, she'd by the death of 'em. The Major Part of the World, who are the *Insipids*, may term a Paper of this kind, *Scurrilous*, *Scandalous*, *and False*, talk of it with all imaginable *Liberty*, and affirm, that the *Author* has been *Drubb'd*, who perhaps can be even with those that say so; but the few Wise, who are of Opinion, that People are sooner *Ridicul'd* than *Preach'd* out of their Follies, and that more may be learn'd out of some *Plays* than out of some *Sermons*, must allow, that a *Tatler* alarms the World into a *Circumspection*. And as *Pride*, *Vanity* and *Affectation* furnish *Fit Reproof*, *Immorality* and *Prophaneness* are so strenuously exploded, that the *Giddy* sort *Gossip* less for fear of being *laugh'd at*, and the *Libertines* of the Age, *Sin* more in private for fear of being *abhorr'd*. This Discourse made *my Lady Harriot Lovely* hint to me to write a *Comedy*, which was only oppos'd by Mrs. *Cavil*, who *asserted*, that no Woman ever yet turn'd *Poetess*, but lost her *Reputation* by appearing at *Rehearsals*, and *Conversing* with *Imoinda*, *Desdemona*, and a *Maidenhead Amintor at my Tears*, who expect *Compliments* for promoting their own Livelyhood, and wou'd immediately fright *Virtue* from my *Drawing-Room*, by having the assurance to Visit me; and that the *Treatment Authors* meet with from the *Play'rs*, is too gross for a *Woman* to bear, since at the getting up of so successful a *Comedy* as the *Busie Body*, Sir *Harry Wild-Air* in great *dudgeon* flung his *Part* into the *Pitt* for damn'd Stuff, before the Lady's Face that wrote it: Upon the whole, my *Lady Sneak* propos'd, that I shou'd n't appear in the Matter, but give the *enrag'd* Sir *Harry* the whole Profits of the Play, and then let it have neither *Plot*, *Wit*, *Sense*, *Turn or Humour*, he'd *bully Capt. Brazen* into a good Opinion of it; Fourscore Pounds shou'd be laid out in Cloaths, and she'd warrant a prodigious *Third Night*: But as I had the Vanity to think I cou'd write tolerably well, and cou'd fill the *Boxes* from my own *Drawing-Room*, without the Interest of the *Dutchess of Twangdillo*, and as I positively want a Hundred Pounds to Print a *Folio Book*, call'd, *The History of* TATLERS, I could not see the Reason why Sir *Harry Wild-Air* should reap the Benefit of my Studies, and by exporting it to *Ireland*, the Nation wou'd want *Money* as well as *Corn*. At last it was agreed, I shou'd apply my self to *Serjeant Kite*, who is a Person of *prodigious Integrity*, values Money no more than Dirt, and we proceeded to think of *Characters*; Sir *Harry* and his Associate are to be two walking Gentlemen; and as they are both Men of Wit and Judgment, I shall leave 'em to speak what they think proper; but if they only move on and off, they are good Figures, always well dress'd, and more to be admir'd than Mrs. *Salmon's* Wax-Work: *Pinkee* is only to laugh, his *Face* is Jest enough to make the Play go Six Nights, and *Myn Heer Van Grin* was the best thought for him in the World; the famous *Jubilee Dicky* is to represent the Figure of *No-body*, and *Tall-boy*, who always will be a *Boy*, shall have just such another Part wrote for him; Captain *Brazen*, who is so fond of being in Women's Cloaths, shall personate a finish'd Coquet, one that Jilts the Men, rattles with the Women, always upon the seeming Trifles, tho seriously grounded upon Self-Interest: *Imoinda* is to be a disdainful Beauty, have a world of Admirers, and use 'em all like Dogs: Lady *Betty Modish*, a Woman of Quality, and plays in her *own* Cloaths; and my Lady *Bountiful* to talk of Eating and Drinking, admires a boil'd Pigg, and Egg-Sause, and take a prodigious deal of Snuff. The Catastrophe of the Play is to be a Marriage and a Country Dance, and Serj. *Kite*, by way of Epilogue, to sing a Ballad of his own making; the Act Tunes must be Malancholy and Moving, to keep People from laughing too much, as they play Jiggs in Tragedies to keep People from greiving too much, and if their Comedy don't gain the Prize, the Subscribers to it must expect their Characters in this Paper. Now tho' I have no Plot to my Play, I have a Moral to my Tale, which is, That People of Quality, who Squander away Mony upon such Trifles wou'd gain a Publick Reputation, a Private Satisfaction, and set a Noble Example to their Inferiours, in bestowing it upon the Distress'd *Palatines*, or giving it to such Officers in our Fleets and Armies, as do not think they are paid enough

nough for making *Sine Cures* of the Posts they are posse'd of.

¶This Morning arriv'd a *Female* from *Holland* with the following Account, That two Dutch Ladies at *Roterdam*, who were over here last Winter reflected very much upon the *English* Nation, Our Edifices, Apparel, Wit, Breeding, and Entertainments: The Capt. it seems, that brought 'em over, accomodated 'em with an Apartment at St *Catherine's*, and his Wife did 'em the Honour to attend 'em in their Curiosities; they saw a Play at *Ratclif*, were at a Ball at *Shadwell* Market-house, and took a Trip to *Horn-Fair*, their Cloaths were made by the Quality Mantua-Woman of Wapping, and they smoak'd a Pipe with all Mrs. *Topsail's* Acquaintance; by Accident they saw My Lord Mayor, the Recorder, Bedlam, and the Blew-Coat Boys; as for *Windsor*, *Hampton Court*, *or Kensington*, 'twas another Voyage to behold 'em; and upon their return to *Rotterdam*, they cou'd not be perswaded but the Ladies there, were equally Genteel, Conversable, and well bred with those they had met with in *England*.

†‡† *A Famous Writing Master near* Fetter-lane, *is in great Distress for an Usher, being so Lethargick after hard Drinking, that his Wife* Sukey *is forc'd to attend the School daily; who,* Amazon *like, struts about with a small Cane, Thrashes the Little Boys most unmercifully; but ev'ry blow she gives the Great Ones touches her to the Quick. Promising Youths ought not to be Cowed too much, her Husband grows Old, complains of the Spleen, and Cholick, and an agreeable Fellow is not at all her Aversion; in the mean time, if any broken Scribe is willing to take upon him Mrs.* Sukey's *Employment, he may be inform'd where to apply himself from the fram'd Advertisement, hung up in most Coffee-Houses, where 'tis flouriish'd, Young Gentlemen are taken in to Board, when Mrs.* Sukey *has in Winter and Summer no other Accommodation for 'em than the Kitchin.*

†‡† *The Gentleman that gave me an Invitation per Penny Post, to come to his Lodgings at* Ham *to have my Throat cut, may expect an Answer to his Letter at large in my next.*

†‡† *In a few days will be Pubish'd, The Flights of Fancy, an Heroick Poem, by Mr.* J. B. *Notary Publick, near the* Royal-Exchange, *to be Sold at the Price of a Half penny, to prevent being Pirated:* Note, *The said Mr.* J. B. *is hereby admonish'd, the next time he obliges the* World *with a Lampoon upon any particular Person, not to produce his Manuscript in Company, least some body there shou'd be acquainted with the Gentleman he traduces.*

†‡† *The facetious Gentleman that gave himself the trouble of an Epistle, to tell me the World thought I had but* One Book, *is told by way of Answer, that he is suspected to have None; since by his referring to the prety Stories in the* Apocrypha, *and his desiring me to apply to the* Dictionary, *makes it evidently appear, That he Writes* without Book. *But he may stand excus'd on this account, because he that cannot down with* La Bruyere, *may be supposed not to digest other Quotations upon any account whatsoever.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THis is to certify, That I Elizabeth Wicks in the Family of Sir Dudey Cullom, Baronet, of Harsted near St Edmund's Bury in Suffolk was reduc'd to an absolute Blindness by a Scrophulus or King's Evil Humer in both my Eyes; notwithstanding I made use of the best Advice of Physicians and Surgeons, in the City of London and in this County, to no effect, they giving me over as incurable; Sir Wm READ Her Majestty's Oculist in Durham yard in the Strand, London, (whose occasions calling him to Bury (has, with the Blessing of God Restor'd me to my Sight, and made a perfect Cure of me, as is hereby attested, Bury, Sept. 28. 1709. By me Elizabeth Wicks. Sir William is constantly to be advis'd with at his House in London. Note, This Cure was performed 15 Months ago and she now continues perfectly well.

MAny pretend to the knowledge of the Imperial Hony Water, and for such it is Sold in several parts of London, but it is truly Prepard by no other Person in England, but Mrs. Prother, at the two Green balls on the Bank-side, near Peterborough House. The Vertues of it are briefly these, Outwardly it preserves the Skin, Hair, Sight, Hearing, Cures most Pains, and heals all Sores, even Cancers; it restores Strength to Weak and Withered Limbs. Internally, it is one of the best of the best Cordials, it eases all inward Pains, strengthens the Vital and renders a Man Chearful and Vigrous, and passeth off Old Age decays of Nature. These are hints enough to any Person how to make use of this Excellent Water Experience will discover a great many other qualifications, which are not thought necessary at this time to be Incerted, at the same Place are to be had, the Original Kings Drops, whose Virtues are as follows, they are good in the worst of Feavers, Fits, Small-Pocks, the Cholick and Stone, and after Gentlemens hard Drinking it revives the Spirits to take it or smell to it; it is safe in all Distempers, and to be given to Young Children; take 50 Drops in a Glass of Sack Night and Morning, or if there be occasion, 3 or 4 times a Day, they have recovered many when given over by the Doctors.

PEpticon an unparallel'd Medicina, to help a weak Digestion, and procure an Appetite, cures Hectick, Consumptions, Asthma's, shortness of Breath, Ulcers and Stuffings of the Lungs, allaying all preternatural Heats and Thirst, flushing in the Hand and Face, Vapours, &c. removes all Obstructions and purifies the Blood, replenishing it with the True and Natural Balsamick Sulphur of Life. Sold only at Mr Lawrences Toyshop at the Griffin the corner of the Poultry near Bucklers Bury, at 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle with Directions.

*** The Charitable Surgeon: Or, the best Remedies for the worst Maladies, reveal'd; altogether without Mercury, and wholly new in Method and Practice, wherein both Sexes may with privacy and small Charge without any other Advice, or being exposed to Quacks, cure themselves of those Distempers, which, (if neglected are dangerous as well as Ignominious. By T. C. Surgeon. Sold by E. Curl Bookseller, remov'd to the Dial and Bible against St Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street Pr. 1s,

THe Grand Chymical Anti-Scorbutick, or Drops for the Scurvy. The Surprizing effects of this Medicine, has gained it such an Universal Reputation, that vast quantities are yearly disposed of in Foreign Countries, as well as here in England, and what is daily used by numbers of Physicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries in their Practice, and found to be the only certain Remedy for eradicating the most inveterate Scurvy, attended with the worst of Symptoms; as Spots, Blotches, Itches, Evelan and Bleeding of the Gums, Breakings out of the Skin, Numbness, Weariness, Pains, &c. carries of gently the Salt sharp Humours without Confinement, or the least Disorder, and for maintaining the Appetite, causing good Digestion, Purifying the Blood, and rendring the Body lively and vigorous, is not to be exceeded in the whole Republick of Medicines. Is to be had only at Jacob's Coffee-house, against the Angel and Crown in Threadneedle-street near the Royal Exchange, at 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle with Directions.

An immediate CURE for the Vapous and Melancholy.

NOt only instant help (for Spirit of Hartshorn, and many other Common Remedies, will abate the Symptoms and take off a Fit) but a perfect Cure, so as not to return again, and that by only a few Days taking it; it being a Medicine so adapted as to Eradicate the very Cause, tho never so grounded, or of never so many years standing. Some perhaps may look upon this impossible, but it is a certain Truth, as all that try it, will find to their Satisfaction, there not being the like one Medicine, for Perfect, Safe and, quick Cure in the whole World. It is sold for 5 s. a Bottle (which is generally enough to Cure any one Person) at Mr N. Crouch's a Bookseller, at the Bell in the Poultry over against Grocers Alley near Cheapside, with Directions.

THe most excellent Tablets of a delightful Flavour and Taste, one of which at a time being only chewed or held in the Mouth, rowling it about with the Tongue, wonderfully (without the least offence or hindrance of Business) purges the Head and Brain, curing all the Diseases thereof, by evacuating the Rheum or Humours by moderate spitting that cause them, when all inward Medicines, Blisters, Issues, Seatons, &c. are ineffectual; in Rheumatisms, Gouts, King's Evil, Leprosies, Red or Pimply Faces, Itches, Scabs, &c. one of them used as aforesaid, an hour or two will discharge near a Pint of Rheum, which continued, may save the Trouble and serve for the same end as a Salivation in many Cases, and by spitting out any time the Tablet (which never strikes to the Mouth or Teeth) the Flux immediately ceases, being very harmless, and as small (only flattish) as Pees, leaves the Mouth moist, cool and refresh'd. Are to be had only at Mr Varen's a Bookseller at Seneca's Head near Somerset-house in the Strand, at 3 s. 6 d. the Box with Directions:

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